

Contents

[Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader, I became a Tony Robbins fan when...](#)



Dear *Permission to be Powerful* Reader,

I became a Tony Robbins fan when I was about 18.

I remember listening to *Awaken the Giant Within* and being blown away.

I had big, ambitious goals—and I was going to use every possible tool to achieve them.

Tony talked about getting leverage on yourself.

He said:

☞ Imagine a future that is your worst possible nightmare.

☞ A future so unbearable, so terrifying... that it scares you straight.

It worked.

I recorded my nightmare scenario.

I thought about what my life would look like if I failed.

I wrote it down.

I recorded it.

I uploaded it to my iPod mini—the little white one with 6 gigs of space.

And every morning for a year, I woke up, put in my headphones... and listened to that nightmare.

That was my reality check.

That was the fire under my ass.

The Hustle Years

I was 19, studying Business Administration at Trent University in Ontario, Canada.

And I was already all in.

I ran a window cleaning business with my sister.



I worked constantly.

I was already a workaholic.

Even back then, I wasn't like everyone else.

I didn't party.

Partly because of my ADHD.

Poor sleep. Anxiety. Depression.

Having to work twice as hard just to keep up.

Didn't matter.

I was on a mission.

And I respected that version of myself.

He was hungry. Relentless. Unstoppable.

If I had that kind of dedication and energy today...?

I can't even imagine all the trouble I'd get up to.

The Worst-Case Scenario... Wasn't the Worst Case

But here's the funny thing.

That worst-case scenario I recorded on my iPod?

It wasn't even close.

Reality turned out to be worse.

WAY worse.

♥ I thought my mother would go blind.

I never imagined she'd be dead.

♥ I thought I might grow distant from my family.

I never imagined my sister would become severely mentally ill.

♥ I knew things might be hard.

I didn't know they'd be unbearable.

Think about that.

If my worst nightmare was still an **underestimate**...

Then every night I spent grinding, sacrificing, busting my ass...

Almost wasn't enough.

Let that sink in...

- If I had slacked off even a little...
- If I had taken it easy, just for a while...

I might not have survived.

The Power of Trusting Yourself

We doubt ourselves so much.

But here's the irony:

It's the people who doubt themselves the most... who are often the most correct.

Your gut knows.

Your mind knows.

But most people ignore the signs.

They don't honor what they already know deep down.

They wait for permission instead of trusting themselves.

They keep pushing it off...

Until one day, everything comes crashing down.

Then suddenly it's:

✘ "Poor me."

✘ "I had no idea."

✘ "Why did this happen to me?"

But half the time, the warning signs were there.

They just didn't want to see them.

🔥 Trust your instincts. Trust your judgment.

🔥 Know what you know.

Because one day, you won't have the luxury of waiting for validation.

One day, you're going to have to act.

And if you hesitate? You lose.

The Mike Tyson Moment

Back when I had a salsa dance crew, I ran into a guy—twice my size.

Big.

Loud.

Aggressive.

And for whatever reason? He had it out for me.

**One night at practice, he shoved me
in front of EVERYONE.**

Half the room laughed.

The other half said nothing.

And right there, I had a choice.

Ignore it... and let everyone think I was weak.

Or stand my ground... and make sure it never happened again.

After practice, I confronted him.

He doubled down.

"I'll push you whenever I want."

Ladies and gentlemen...

I destroyed this guy with just my words.

Maybe a story for another day.

But I'll tell you this—I left that altercation changed.

Because if I could take down a giant with just my words...?

 I must be an apex predator.

That's the day I started calling myself Mike Tyson.

The old Chauffeur me never would've stood up for himself...

But this was personal.

I have a zero-tolerance policy on disrespect.

And in that moment, my inner child was watching.

Asking me:

“Are you going to abandon me like you always do?”

I felt it.

And I said no.

I was willing to fight to the death.

And you should be too.

Not for ego.

Not for pride.

But for your inner child.

Because they deserve a champion.

And if you're not willing to be that for yourself... who will be?

If you read this post and felt it in your bones...

If you've ever **sacrificed, suffered, and fought tooth and nail** to make something of yourself...

If you know **what it's like to be underestimated, to doubt yourself, to question if you have what it takes**— but to push through anyway...

Then **this is for you.**

Because here's the truth:

Most people are asleep.

They wait for permission. They ignore the warning signs. They let the world tell them what's possible.

But **not you.**

You see the truth.

You **trust yourself.**

And you're ready to step into the next level of your power.

That's what **VIP membership** is about.

The VIP Experience:

As a **VIP Member**, you get exclusive access to the most **raw, unfiltered, and powerful** lessons I have to offer.

Behind-the-scenes stories & insights—the stuff I can't share publicly.

Advanced breakdowns on resilience, power, and high-performance living—so you can take these lessons and apply them **directly** to your life.

Direct access to me & the VIP community—people who actually *get it*. No excuses. No weakness. Just raw power and real conversations.

Live Q&A calls—where we go deep on mindset, execution, and overcoming every single obstacle in your way.

Priority access to my best writing & upcoming projects—so you're always ahead of the game.

This isn't for everyone.

This is for the people who refuse to be weak.

For the people who know they have more inside them.

For the people who want to **train their instincts, sharpen their mind, and step into their power.**

I won't tell you to join.

Your instincts will tell you.

And when they do?

You know what to do.

↓ Become a VIP now ↓

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Until next time,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink. The signature reads "Anton Volney". The letters are fluid and connected, with long, sweeping strokes. The "A" is particularly large and extends upwards. The "V" is also large and has a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right. The signature is written on a plain white background.

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist



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